

Brave Deeds Performed by Privates and
Junior Officers Whose Names
Seldom Find Their Way
Into Print.

and not for show. He may have been picturesque; he certainly was not pretty. He was too busy at the hero making business to think very much about appearance, and the record he has left shows that he pushed the business in question for all it was worth.

Our war here has not been a Waterloo. In fact, Waterloos are out of date.

Ammunition was running short, and things looked gloomy for our men. Just at this crisis Private Biehl saw Private Daly throw up his hands and fall, severely wounded. Without thinking of the danger he was running into the smoke, he ran forward to his comrade. Biehl picked him up and carried him on his own back to the rear. How it was he was never hit by the rain of bullets that fell around him is one of the mysteries of war. Biehl was the first man to bring news of the scarcity of ammunition on the advance firing line, and supplies were at once hurried forward. As soon as Daly was placed in the hospital he died. Biehl hurried forward again. He had not taken up his position at the front more than ten minutes before a Filipino bullet tore through his chest, and he fell, shouting "Come on!" In ten minutes he was dead.

Even more heroic was the death of Dr. Young of Utah. It was during the Malaya engagement that our men were

time thus gained the men from the Bennington were enabled to get to their boats and so escape from the trap into which they had fallen. Winslip kept heroically at his gun until the last man was afloat, and when he fell back, with a gasp, there were five bullet wounds in his body. The commander of the Bennington afterward confessed that but for the action of the gallant young assistant engineer the whole party would have met immediate death.

When the battle of Chaco Canyon was at its height, news was brought back from the advance firing line to the hospital corps that a Montana captain had been severely wounded. Dr. W. C. Hamilton volunteered to go to the front to help the man, but his services were too valuable to let him out in such danger for so long a time. Thereupon Privates George Gibbons and Frank Barbee, two San Diego boys, offered to go out with him after the wound officer had taken up his ambulance. This they did. When the ambulance pulled up the insurgent fire was concentrated on it and the two brave men who drove it. Both horses were killed, their harness. The startled young Gibbons and Barbee dismounted the wagon, picked up the wounded captain in his arms and started. For the rear, when a bullet struck him just over the heart, and he dropped dead. Barbee then picked up the wounded man and carried him on his shoulder a quarter of a mile back to temporary quarters. He then returned to where his comrade lay dead and succeeded in carrying his body safely back. When the captain recovered, the Montana captain who had been so bravely paid for to the great beyond, then before going he handed his belt and revolver to Private Barbee and told him to keep them.

Two soldiers caught hold of one straggler, and the other, whose horse galloped back to the regiment. During all this time the two men were within range of the enemy's fire, and, though both of them had been raw recruits, they displayed the greatest fortitude while Mausers were whistling so gallingly about their ears.

Another soldier hero whose coolness and bravery will cause his name to be remembered with pride and pleasure by his comrades was a Georgia boy named Emory Winship, the Georgia boy who held a whole regiment in check at a most critical time. When Commander

One of those real heroes of the war was the Chicago telegraph operator who saved the city's young Chicagoan and had charge of the wire from the Greener's headquarters in camp to the trenches about Manila. During the attack a bursting shell cut the wire behind the trenches. Kelly, facing a steady patter of bullets, groped about for the broken end of the line outside the camp and followed it up until he came to a break and repaired it. Communication was once opened up again, and the puzzled troops in the trenches were notified that re-enforced

A number of circumstances have combined of late to direct the attention of the general public to cancer. One is the declaration of a high English authority that this dreaded malady is increasing in prevalence in Europe. Another is a similar statement of Dr. Roswell Park of Buffalo, who is at the head of a state institution for the study of contagious diseases. A third is the announcement from Paris that Dr. Bra has at last found the parasite which has long been suspected of causing

In England and Wales in the period between 1810 and 1896 the death rate from cancer increased from one in every 5,646 of population to one in 1,596. The mortality from this cause in New York state grew from 2,303 in 1887 to 4,452 in 1898, or nearly doubled in 10 or 11 years. And Dr. Park in a recent address before the State Medical society said the following prophecy: "If during the next century the relative death rates are maintained, we shall find in 1900 that there will be more deaths from cancer than from consumption, small-pox and typhoid fever combined."

Again, the fact that the micro organism responsible for carcinoma. If there be one, has so long eluded the search made for it is not convincing. There are microbes too small to be seen with the instruments ever made, although they may be beyond question. But one of the ways of proving their existence is by the use of a proved optical apparatus; it may be possible to detect them. The same argument applies to countless failures to cultivate the germs of cancer artificially. Perhaps a more suitable culture medium one more nearly resembling the human body, may yet be discovered in which the cancer germ will propagate easily. Improved methods are needed.

One of the most striking reasons for suspecting that cancer is contagious is the tendency of one particular locality to be haunted by cases of this class. The frequent occurrence of the disease in a family points in the same direction. Moreover, inoculation of animals with certain organisms which are not derived from cancer nevertheless gives rise to tumors that look like malignant specimens, although they finally disap-

rather different sort of experiment, but a rather more significant one, is the transplanting of bits of real tumors from one animal to another of the same species. Rats, horses and dogs have been treated in this way with notable success. The great bulk of this sort of thing has been done in Montpellier, France, by Bosc; in Italy by San Felice and Bonciali, and in Vienna by Gussenbauer. Among the tests were the implanting of portions of a cancer from a mouse and a dog into the body of one of the lower animals. Bosc declares that he has even been able to effect a successful inoculation of three human subjects with cancer. Even were these last declarations rejected, there would still be no doubt as to the transmission of cancer from one part to another of the same person.

Microscopic examination of cancerous tissue has often revealed the presence of minute objects, about whose real nature opinions differ. One expert suspects that they are a species of protozoa (low forms of animal life corresponding to bacteria and to fungi in the vegetable world); another takes them for microscopic fungi; and a third is disposed to regard them as cells of human origin which have undergone degenerative changes. Similar objects have been associated with smallpox, measles and other diseases, although their exact character and their relation to the malady have been veiled in

The announcement that Dr. Bra has found a parasite which can be cultivated and which when used to inoculate animals produces tumors like real cancers is accompanied with few details. The man is not so conspicuous in the world of science as some other French bacteriologists, but that does not prove

that he is mistaken.

Dr. Bra makes no pretense of having found a cure for cancer. He has undertaken experiments such as would be naturally tried by one who was familiar with the mode of preparing antitoxines for diphtheria, tetanus, bacilic plague and yellow fever, but thus far without definite results. These measures can be taken only after the germ of a disease is identified and is cultivated. But if he has done no more than to find the parasite itself he has achieved a notable triumph. Corroboration of his announcement will be awaited impatiently.

THE HOMING INSTINCT OF BIRDS. According to Mr. Tegetmeier, there is a tremendous amount of nonsense talked on the subject of the homing instinct of birds. In fact, he states that pigeons, which are generally supposed to possess it in a large degree, have simply none and that it was therefore a sheer impossibility that the pigeons which Andree took with him should return.

Pigeons, Mr. Tegetmeyer says, must know the road they are to travel, or they can do nothing, and when he decided to fly them between Belgium and London his birds were taken several times over the route that they might follow.

At first, they were taken up five miles, then ten, and so on till at last they knew the whole distance over which they had to fly. It is easy for pigeons to judge where they are going, for at a certain height one can see a very long distance. This is a fact well known to aeronauts, who are perfectly astonished at first by finding how much farther they can see from a higher building.

ORIGIN OF THE FAN.

The origin of the fan in China is said to have sprung from the following incident:—A royal concubine was so beautiful, her assistants at the Feast of Lanterns, her face covered with a mask, as usual. The excessive heat compelled her to remove it, and in order to guard her features from the common gaze she moved it quickly to and fro in front of her face, thus simultaneously hiding her charms and cooling her brow. The idea was at once adopted throughout the

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PRIVATE DIEHL
CARRYING
WOUNDED COMPANION
TO REAR UNDER FIRE.



newadays. Modern conditions seem to preclude the possibility of any two men fighting on equal terms, and in illustrating their differences in one decisive battle, such as this old battle of Waterloo certainly was. Campaigning in the Philippines presents many features of warfare that are both novel and significant, and certainly the modern and selective methods required a modification of old and established military principles and made each engagement not so much a matter of maneuvering and open bold tactics as a matter of individual skill and courage. With us the man has been the man and not the battalion.

Until the opening of this war, which was counting as merely the denouement of the Cuban campaign, it was not definitely known even in expert military circles that the most efficient method of procedure in this kind of campaigning would be. An evidence of this lies in the fact of the severity with which the different European powers dispatched military representatives to observe the fighting. The hostility broke out. It then became the constant object of these official critics to watch most carefully the different American maneuvers and to determine from actual observation just what were the most important moments in the operation of a modern army.

So all along we felt that we were teaching the European powers a little useful lesson in the art of war. Perhaps that put our boys on their mettle and they fought with their extraordinary intemperance. The fact has been that many of these European officials have gone home with sadly shattered ideals of army discipline, and it has been generally conceded that Uncle Sam's army had instituted a new method of fighting. The European soldiers, young looking fellows, dressed carelessly and quietly in their dull brown duck suits, were somewhat of a surprise to their foreign observers, who had been brought up with the idea that a soldier should be a soldier. The European soldier was not fit to carry a firearm. The free and easy "rookies" from Kansas and Colorado, instead of marching proudly forward in a machine made company, resplendent with military decorations, were dressed in simple and athletic ambleuses, clad in his mud stained pair of trousers, from which probably the last suspender button had been divorced and which usually hung firmly to the folds of a faded blue army coat.

But when it came to going into battle this same offhand individual sprang forward, shouting "A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight" as light heartedly as though he had been going off for a day's fishing. He was there for work

of the modest, unassuming old Indian warrior, General Elwell Stephen Otis, who led the United States to the Philippine forces. The splendid campaign of this astute soldier against the Filipinos has made him the idol of his men here and enrolled his name on that list of great leaders who have shaped the history of our great nation. He was a hard fighter and a bluff and sturdy commander, but his readiness to face any danger and to share in the hardships of his men has shown that he is of the stuff of which heroes are made. He has with Otis well deserved the honored such names as Lawton, MacArthur, King, Merritt and a dozen other vallant leaders who have won distinction by their dash and courage.

But the man who has made himself the idol of his men here is the youngest of the world's Colonel Fred Funston of the Twentieth Kansas volunteers. "The little red-headed colonel" from Kansas, as he is known among all the men here, is the greatest daredevil in the American army. He would rather risk than win. He is only five feet tall, but of such a taking is that when he duplicated the taking of Lungtungen and captured Calumpit with his little band of men by swimming a river under fire, and when he was the first American to take the heights of Mt. Apo, the little man was the least surprised. Funston is a soldier of fortune and has sought adventure among the Redskins, on the trail and in the frozen passes of Alaska. The little colonel up to the time he was in the rear of the world, they were looked upon as "dudes" and he was a tendency to think they were not of very much account for fighting purposes. But that mistaken idea was soon dissipated. On that historic 11th day of October, 1901, at Butte, when the waist deep in mud, had to abandon the machine guns, they got their first grim chance for hero making. It was a little after 2 o'clock in the afternoon when the order was given out to abandon the machine guns. But what was hurrying distractedly about the little brown bear after being in the saddle some nine hours.

"What man will lead a charge up that road?" asked the general of his men.

When Otis began to make himself at home in Manila, what he did not know about the Philippines was of very large volume. He felt that he must have a man with an eagle eye and a Zeuslike intellect, a sort of military Sherlock Holmes, who could spend his time in looking about him and get the inside of the country. The man he had in mind was a Jew. The Jew would take him right into the teeth of the enemy.


The man Otis hit upon was Major Franklin J. Bell, a war hardened old western campaigner who was not afraid of rough work and gloated over the odds. He was a Jew, like a Jew, and over an all day sucker. He went about the island of Luzon like a restless shadow, and every day or two Otis had laid before him some new tip on the insurgents. It was not a message about the capture of a town, but a message to what river could be forded and what town could be stolen into and what road could carry machine guns and heavy artillery. Sometimes it was a plan of a map and sometimes it was a map of a map. The Jew was a target movement, but it always seemed to arrive in the very nick of time, and it always meant a great deal to the man who was controlling an army in an absolutely strange land.

One day the old Colonel Ebert was mortally wounded. The capture of Manila, a wave of genuine sorrow swept through this army of ours. He was a soldier who did not know the meaning of fear and at the time of his death he was morosely standing in a shower of rain. He was the first to be attacked on Manila he was in the thickest of the fight at all times, and when he fell, shot through the abdomen, he met a death that was no disgrace to a man who had always been in the front.

"You have done nobly," said General Wheaton, baring his head as the wounded man was lifted on the stretcher upon which he was to die in a very few moments.

"I thank God," gasped the dying soldier, "but I am old, and the end has come."

A man who will not be forgotten is Private Hoshi of the gallant Eighteenth Regiment, which did such heroic work in the capture of Hailo. The native attack on the American outposts at Jaro bridge was at its hottest, and the man who left what little shelter was to be had was taking his life in his hands.



**PRIVATE RENO
LIFTING WOUNDED
COMRADE
TO SADDLE UNDER
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urgent sharpshooters, who were pink-
ing away at our boys, not over a hand-
distant. The Americans were in a some-
what exposed position on a bridge, but
were fighting like tigers when the cry
"Red Cross! Red Cross!" ran along the
line. This did not cause the Mausers
from the church parapet to stop for an
instant, so the nurses had to do their
handcraging under full fire of the enemy.
The surgeon of that little relief party
was Dr. Young, and his operating was
carried on with punctuations of Filipino
bullets. As he and his little band of
heroic nurses were carrying back their
patients in the ambulance of the Red
Cross a number of Mauser bullets tore
through the covering of the wagon. Dr.
Young stopped handcraging a minute to
say that that sort of thing was a terri-
ble nuisance and asked for more aspi-
rin. The next day Dr. Young and his
little hospital corps went on to Mo-
ladnock, where they worked until they
were exhausted, for not only did they
save the American wounded to take
care of, but there was also many a but-
terflied Filipino to be looked after. In
his ceaseless search for stray or over-
looked wounded Dr. Young advanced
beyond what was at the time the firing
line. He found a wounded soldier slow-
ly bleeding to death on the field. With-
out one thought of himself he was soon

Taung of the gunboat Bennington sent a landing party ashore on Malabon, young Winslow, along with two seamen, was detailed as a guard to keep watch on the transfer launch. The landing party, which was made up of some 125 men, advanced up the coast without sending out scouting parties or advance guards, not expecting to find any Filipinos in the vicinity. Much to their surprise, however, they were met and set upon by what seemed in the confusion an entire regiment of insurgents. The Americans broke and fled for the boats, hotly pursued by the natives. Winslow, who was turning and waiting on account of being in the middle of a possible breach with the enemy, was spaced discontinually up and down the little deck of his boat when he was accosted to see the men of the Bennington making their way back for the beach. Behind them he saw the Filipinos, and it occurred to him that in a very few minutes his countrymen would be penned in between the sea and the enemy. He saw the launch, the Bennington, in the glow of the trumpet, he quickly unlimbered it. The launch was awning round, and in less time than it takes to sell Winslow was pouring a deadly rain of bullets into the ranks of the enemy. His gun was so accurate that he killed the entire Filipino advance, and during the

ments were advancing to their assistance. Because of this act of gallantry General Greene promoted Kelly to a sergeantcy in the signal corps.

On the morning of the display of cool nerve was the adventure of Private Fred Schmidt of the South Dakota regiment, who was on duty as a sentry near Manila when he was approached by two presumably friendly natives. "Hello," cried the two natives. "Americans!" cried the two natives. The next instant one of them drew a cowhide knife and slashed the unsuspecting American private twice across the head. Schmidt fell to the ground—and his wounds were both horrible ones—and the two cowardly Filipinos took to their heels. But the American, though wounded, was a man of nerve. Rolling over on his stomach and wiping blood from his eyes, he calmly raised his rifle and took deliberate aim at the two fugitives. The nearest one threw up his hands and fell dead at the first shot. Schmidt aimed and fired again, but the spring of his wounded sentry again took aim at the remaining native, but with no apparent effect. It was thought he had escaped. But the next morning he was found lying face down in some brush.

WILLIAM R. WALTERS.

Manila.

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large factories for making personal appearance. I

There are no large factories for making shoes in Mexico, as in the United States. There are extensive establishments in Leon, Mexico City and Guadalajara, but they are not exactly factories. The shoes are made under a kind of tenement system. Workmen receive a stipulated sum for each pair of shoes made, according to quality. Cardke was not very careful about his

personal appearance. He was too apt to think a genius could wear anything he chose and never bothered about how he looked. He probably got the idea from the fact that two of his heroes—Cromwell and Frederick II—were both the worst dressed men of their time.

If a servant in Germany falls sick her mistress is not allowed to discharge her, but must pay 47 cents a day for her

The Liverpool docks, one of the wonders of modern commerce, extend along the Mersey, a distance of six and a half miles.

In the house of commons at Montreal the other day Premier Laurier stated that the lease of the Plains of Abraham, Quebec, would expire May 1, 1901, and the property would revert to the ladies of the Ursuline convent. The

The Chinese detective force is a secret
only and the best organized in the
world. They have an eye upon every
man, woman or child, foreign or native,
in China, and in addition watch over
each other.

It is related of Alessandro Guilan, a
famous Italian poet and composer of
the seventeenth century, that he died at

The municipal authorities of Mons, Belgium, have adopted a resolution which will prevent children from being poor paupers in that city. Every child born in Mons after being registered officially will have a bank account opened in its name with the City Savings Bank. The authorities will deposit 1

frame for the infant, who when he arrives at a sufficient age will find this as a nucleus to augment with his penny savings. The original deposit of £1 frame cannot be drawn at any time, but the interest accruing is the property of the young depositor.

In France matches are a state monopoly, and 400,000,000 boxes are sold annually. The minister of finance proposed to make the boxes bear advertisements, and as each box would carry two, one on each of the two flat sides, this would

There is a quickdraw mine in Fort Ross deep. In this place are streets, squares and a chapel where religious worship is held.

The telephone service of Germany is controlled and managed by the department for posts and telegraphs. The rates are low, the charge for a local telephone being \$24.35 per annum, included in the rental of the telephone.